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PRIVATE VIEWS IN ARTISTS' STUDIOS.
AT SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S.

PRIVATE VIEWS IN ARTISTS

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Sir Frederic Leighton will be represented in the forthcoming exhibition at the Royal Academy (says a recent issue of the *Pull Matt Gazette*) by no fewer than five pictures. Never before in the course of a long and busy career has the president sent so many works to the summer show at Burlington House; and never, probably, have his exhibits been more characteristic of his many-sided genius. This year the public will be in a position to judge of him as an illustrator of Scripture story, as an erudite exponent of classic mythology, as the accomplished painter of graceful female forms, and as the interpreter of nature in landscape. Nothing beyond a strain in muscle or bronze will be required to demonstrate the skill

20th chapter of the Revelation—"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it." It is in

word, a vision of the Last Judgment. Those who are familiar with their Bible will at once call to mind the magnificent verses in which the *Seer of Patmos* describes the *Book of Life* and the *Book of the Dead*, and will remember how he "saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face fire went forth: and he said unto me, Write: for these verses are true." And he "saw the dead, small and great, standing before him: and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the *Book of Life*; and the dead were judged according to what was written in the books. According to their works." And, how, finally, "the sea gave up the dead which were in it." It is a portion of this wonderful and wonderful vision which *Lightning* has endeavoured to realise upon the canvas, with what success it remains, of course, for the professional critics to say. Our immediate duty is to say that it is a masterpiece.

Three figures dominate the spacious canvas. In the centre is a man—the only living being of the group—who with his right arm supports his forehead, and with his left hand, which holds a key, points to the sky. He is the only figure who clings with filial affection to his mother, and these are being slowly drawn, by some unseen, mysterious, all-compelling force from the depths of the earth, to the light of the sun, and the stars. His eyes are fixed upon the heavens, which are strangely troubled and filled with an unnatural light—"a dramatic sky," as the artist tenderly and tenderly calls it. The *Book of Life* is being opened, and the *Book of the Dead* is being closed, and judgment is at an end; the soul has been drawn up; and, filled with thoughts of his

Hard by this dominant group is a half-riem corner, whose arms are folded across the breast.

This picture has a history. The design was prepared some years ago, and it was originally intended to be painted by the artist of St. Paul's. Eight large circles were to be smaller ones by Mr. Poynter. The subjects—all the principal characters of the Revolution—were to be arranged in a circle, and the chapter, and this pictorial rendering by the president of the verse in the Revolution actually occurred in the public hall, and warmly suggests the scene, and perhaps they were wise in their action, since the designs would have been in a position to be seen by the public. When, therefore, Mr. Tate approached Sir Frederic, the object of purchasing a picture for the "British Luxembourg," the artist at once thought of the design, and he has ever done. He was already represented before the public by the graceful and "Bath of Psyche," and by a bronze statue of "The Virgin Mary," and by a different kind. Hence the picture was here described, which will, all being well, occupy a prominent place at the forthcoming Academy.

in the place of dead men rising from their graves
we have the tree of life with its golden apples;

in a rocky corner we have the beautiful Garden of the Hesperides, with the purple cones beyond. The Hesperides are the daughters of Hesperos, and Frederick has confounded the Atlantides, children of Atlas, with the Hesperides, their cousins and the daughters of Hesperos is a very questionable thing. The Hesperides may descend at their leisure—still beneath the wonderful rainbow, across the trunk of which is wound the body of a huge serpent. The girl is called Hesperos, half Hesperos and half Hesperides, a monstrosity; her sister on the right sings to the accompaniment of a lyre; while the maiden on the left yawns and stretches her limbs, and is called Hesperos. The grace and serenity of the composition are eminently characteristic of the President's own temper; and as she goes upon the anniversary is meant to echo the words of a living poet—writer:

Pain would I seek none halcyon hours,
Where,—like Hesperides of old—
Each sweetened hour is ours,
And each our own;—
Are trees of life and fruits of gold.

This is the sort of "peaceful hours" which Mr. Frederick Leighton has represented in "The Hesperides."

We have spoken of the striking contrast that exists between the two works we have described. "A Bacchante" and "At the Fountaine" are so different in style and treatment. The former portrays a dark-skinned damsel, full-blooded and keen to taste of the delights of existence.

—as well in the flesh tints as in the leopard skin

"The mountain," on the other hand, shows us a young, vigorous, and tender girl—"in maiden ruddiness, and sunny face." Here the tones are limpid and soft, delicate violet predominating. The sky is a wash of a beautiful light-blue colour; the cool whiteness of the marble is accentuated by the fresh green of the running water; and the palest of pale hues is the colour of the clouds.

"We have left ourselves but little space to deal with Sir Frederic Leighton's landscape—in some respects so important a work as any that he has ever produced to this day. It represents a sunset—a remarkable sunset, and one which increased him very much when he saw it some years ago. Here, again, the tones are delicate, delicate, delicate—dramatic sky." The sun is setting in golden splendour, behind a dark brown-coloured hill. A serpentine row of pine stands in the foreground, and the sky is a pale blue. With a view to adding a certain amount of human interest to the picture, the artist has introduced a figure in the lower right-hand corner, a woman, dressed in a white gown, and a white shawl, who, with outstretched arms, bids a frantic farewell to the sun-god Apollo. The simple lines of this work is "Clytemnestra."

CITY PATRONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

to use the footway much on a rainy day must have noted the imperfect structure and condition of the

parasols or awnings in front of shops. Instead of protecting the rain and conveying it promptly to the edge of the roof, and thence by down-pipes to the gutter (thus effecting a perfect shelter to the traveller), these delusory acts are accretions to the gutter, which collect and pour it down in a stream or lake, and thus prevent the water from being conveyed to the gutter in the roof, or else the water is discharged as a miniature waterfall from projecting pipes at the edge of the awning, and immediately strikes any cab or passing vehicle, and is hurled into the kennel.

It will be patent to every practical man that this has a depressing effect on any kind of traffic, and you know "constant dripping wears away the stones," and this is a large cause of the rapid decay of our sandstone flagging. Hoping that it will be the means of calling attention to a public nuisance, I am, &c.,

J. H. K.

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